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A Mrs. Jones, who recently died in

the north of Wales, claimed to be the

mother of Henry M. Stanley, the ex-

plorer. A monument is to be erect-

ed over her grave, recording the fact.

CRY OF THE FORESTS.

Save me, O, save me from the ruthless hands

That take me from my home

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try-girl snared him. He had been on

his usual summer fishing trip and met

her at some rural picnic; straightway

went wild over her; made desperate

love; was refused as a suspicious char-

acter by a grim Scotch father, who re-

lented, however, to St. Leger's fine

credentials were shown. The lady was

not rich, either in purse or worldly wis-

dom, but only sweet, ingenious and un-

expectedly brave in her love.

He lavished everything upon her that

his colossal fortune could suggest or

money procure. And she accepted his

homage with a happiness so exuberant

and naive that, as he was, he was wholly

unconscious of the unphilosophical fla-

vor in her friend was so quick to detect.

Soon enough, no doubt, the bloom would

be brushed from her fair nature by the

world's rude handling.

She entered upon her city life with a

pleasant attention to her. The gala times

child's frolic to her. But if only Griz-

zie were there! If only Grizzie could see

this, what then, dear child? This was

her secret wish, and she was, who-

ever, her dear companion, left in the

little up-country village, and the daz-

zle and delight of her new life could not

wholly make up to her loss.

"Write to Grizzie, then," her hus-

band said, "and have her come. She is

such a blossom as this black city has not

seen for many a day—except you, dear."

"O, may I write? How lovely it

would be to have her with me when you

can't go, Robert?"

"Very well added, you transparent

little flatterer. I've heard nothing but

'Grizzie' ever since we began house-

keeping. I have known all along I am

only secondary."

"O, Robert, it isn't that—really it

isn't. But Grizzie is so fond of life, and

has such a quick taste for everything

fine. She is much better fitted for a

grand life than I, stealing to her side

and finally perching upon his knee."

So the letter to Grizzie—Scotch for

Grizzie—was sent, and the invitation met

a ready acceptance. Unaffectedly glad

was she of the change, and in no way

backward in saying so.

The morning of her arrival, as St.

Leger was on his way to the train to

meet her, he had encountered his old

companion and friend, St. Leger.

What a sight he had! The old man, as

Win- dore looked back at the old

days with him, which had seemed rather

gay at the time, as a period of waste

and misdirected existence compared with

the present Eden of his home and his

and a bona fide, beautiful life. Win-

dore was sensible of this patently, and

never more so than when St. Leger

mentioned the sister-in-law, as he

afterward detailed it to him.

And it seemed the echo of St.

Leger in everything. Win- dore was in-

terested in it. As he left that gentle-

man's office after the effort to unbur-

den himself he muttered under his breath:

"I don't propose to make myself one of

a silly rabble, trailing after a man who

is a worthy woman! Put myself out

of the way to pay court to an up-

country girl who probably nibbles sta-

pletons in the intervals of angling for a

lover!"

Nevertheless, the evening found him

a guest in the Brightons' quiet and

pretty parlor. He had argued to him-

self that he wouldn't go, and then, to

convince himself that he was superior

to any prejudice he had gone.

Mostly take it out in hissing. Few men

listen.

"I am sorry, but I certainly do not re-

member you," he said. "Where have I

known you?"

"No doubt you have forgotten. But

you are little changed. It is all right

as it is long ago, then, that change

must be expected?"

"Our meeting was in Geneva, Switzer-

land."

"I have been there—in my youth."

"In my youth, also, with a twinkle

of mischief. You once dragged a little

girl out of the water? It is hard to

confess that she was a bold, perverse

and disobedient."

"I remember a little girl who cer-

tainly did not behave too well."

"Her boldness was probably dis-

tinged by her youth. You remember

not to lean too far over the pier? I

believe she was looking for the house

of the lake-dwellers or for a mermaid."

"I really had forgotten the child,"

smiling at his memory weakened.

"She was Grace Glendenning. Ah, I

do know what a witch she was!"

"Mrs. Glendenning was my aunt."

"She took me with her over Europe in

Egypt, India, and elsewhere."

"But you would not have me believe

you are that child?"

"A Mr. Adolphus Windsor certainly

fished me out of Lake Geneva."

"It would require more of an effort

to do like service for you now."

"Yes, it might. And I presume you

would want to shake me as heartily as

you did then."

"Did I shake you?"

"I remember the sensation perfectly."

"I thought you very severe."

"Let me see; that was how long

ago?"

"It was about twenty years ago. I was

eight years old."

"I don't think of it," said St. Leger.

"I was twenty-one," said Windsor.